THE HISTORY OF Timon of Athens, THE MAN-HATER.

As it is Acted BY HIS MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Made into a

PLAY.

By *Tho. Shadwell.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Warren*, for *Henry Herringman*, and Sold by *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonson*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*,
M DC XCVI.

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To the Most Illustrious Prince GEORGE DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, &c.

May it please your Grace,

NOthing could ever contribute more to my having a good Opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so Noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities, which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good Men, and Men of Sence admire you, and none but Fools and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly sensible what Honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have so clearly shown the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and so justly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest Example, and the surest Reproof. And no Man who has perfectly understood the *Rehearsal*, and some other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epistle to make a Declamation upon these and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the

Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the Honour to know him already give him. Amongst which number I think it my greatest happiness to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted sometimes into your Grace's Conversation, the most charming in the World. I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleased to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of *Shakespear* in it, which never made more Masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play, which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no Man can value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to *TIMON*.

Since the bare gleanings of the Stage are grown,
The only Portion for brisk Wits o'th' Town,
We mean such as have no crop of their own;
Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
As you do Mistresses for others use;
The wittiest Play can serve him but one day,
Though for three Months it finds you what to say.
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Echo's can repeat Wit, though they've none,
Like Bag-pipes they no Sound have of their own,
Till some into their emptiness be blown.
Yet ———
To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
And labour for't as if they were Wit-mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into Reputation.
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole Bus'ness make;
For labour'd Dullness grievous Pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a foolish Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a parlous Judge will seem.
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thousand ways the Name to gain.
Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with Sence upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one Line submits,
Who such a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with Ease.
In the Art of Judging you as wise are grown,
As in their Choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat shap't Barbary *Wits you will despise,*
And none but lusty Sinewy *Writers prize.*
Old English Shakespear-*stomachs you have still,*
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with Skill.
You Coin the Wit the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down.
Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Brass,
VVith all the VVou'd-be-VVits, 'twill currant pass.
Try it to day, and we are sure 'twill hit,
All to your Sovereign Empire must submit.

Per-

Persons Names.

TIMON *of* Athens,		Mr. *Betterton.*
Alcibiades, *an Athenian Captain.*		Mr. *Smith.*
Apemantus, *a Rigid Philosopher,*		Mr. *Harris.*
Nicias,		Mr. *Stamford.*
Phæax,		Mr. *Underhill.*
Ælius,		Mr. *Leigh.*
Cleon,	*Senators of* Athens.	Mr. *Norris.*
Isander,		Mr. *Percival.*
Isidore,		Mr. *Gillo.*
Thrasillus,		
Demetrius, Timon's *Steward.*		Mr. *Medburne.*
Diphilus, *Servant to* Timon.		Mr. *Bowman.*
Old Man.		Mr. *Richards.*
Poet.		Mr. *Jevon.*
Painter.		
Jeweller.		
Musician.		
Merchant.		
Evandra,		Mrs. *Betterton.*
Melissa,		Mrs. *Shadwell.*
Chloe,		Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Thais,	*Mistresses to* Alcibiades.	Mrs. *Seymor.*
Phrinias,		Mrs. *La-Grand.*
Servants.		
Messengers.		
Several Masqueraders.		
Souldiers.		

SCENE *ATHENS.*

Timon

Timon of Athens:
OR, THE
MAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Demetrius.

Dem. HOW strange is it to see my Riotous Lord
With careless Luxury betray himself!
To Feast and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how fast his Treasure ebbs,
How slowly flows, and when I warn'd him of
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
He nipt my growing honesty i' th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did so.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:
But now like Evil Councellours I comply,
And lull him in his soft Lethargick Life.
And like such cursed Politicians can
Share in the headlong ruine, and will rise by't:
What vast rewards to nauseous Flatterers,
To Pimps, and Women, what Estates he gives!
And shall I have no share? Be gone all Honesty,
Thou foolish, slender, threadbare, starving thing, be gone!

Enter Poet.

Here's a Fellow Horse-leech: How now Poet, how goes the World?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord *Timon* visible?

Dem. Hee'll come out suddenly, what have you to present him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse:
She's in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you grosse flatterer.
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written [*Aside.*
Himself

Himself up to my Lord's Table,
Which he seldom fails; nay, into his Chariot,
Where he in publick does not blush to own
The sordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord was Epigram:
But this is in Heroick style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by style? that of good sence is all alike;
That is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too little or too much:
And this I think good style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o' th' matter! apt and easie!
Heroicks must be lofty and high sounding;
No easie language in Heroick Verse;
'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion,
I must not in Heroicks call him so!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'd as soon call him an Ass. No thus——
The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lion would sound so baldly, not to be
Endur'd, and a Bull too——but
The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:
Ah!——how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive sound's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you sound a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvey Beast for Heroick Verse.

Dem. Hum——is it so? how will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.
That black and dreadful fate-denouncing Fowl,

Dem. An excellent sound——But let me see your Piece.

Poet. I'll read it——'Tis a good morrow to the Lord *Timon*.

Dem. Do you make good morrow sound loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily!——

The fringed Vallance of your Eyes advance
Shake off your Canopy'd and downy trance:
Phœbus *already quaffs the morning dew*
Each does his daily task of life renew.

Now you shall hear description, 'tis the very life of Poetry.

He darts his beams on the Larks mossie House,
And from his quiet tenement does rouze
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which sings its hymn of body to a Soul
Swiftly it clambers up in the pure air,
With warbling throat and makes each note a prayer.

There's rapture for you! hah!——

Dem. Very fine.

Poet.

Poet. *This the sollicitous Lover fraught alarms,*
Who too long slumber'd in his Cælia's arms!
And now the swelling Sponges of the night
With shiny heads stagger from their delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their Needles haste:
Already now the morning shoots her face
By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.

Who d'ye think are now? Why——Nothing but Herb-Women: there are fine lofty expressions for Herb-Women: Ha!——*Already now*, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.

Dem. Yes in twenty lines to describe to him that 'tis about the Fourth hour in the Morning——I'll in and let him Know in three words 'tis the seventh. [*Exit* Demetrius.

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good Morning, Sir, whither this way?

Mus. To present his Honour with a piece of Musick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very Spirit of Nobility——— And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth, His Universal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, *and several others.*

Jewell. Good Morrow, Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the House!

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws? Magick of bounty———These familiar Spirits Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewell. 'Tis of an excellent Water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb-piece of Poetry: But you present a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing slipt idly from me: The fire within the flint shews not it self Till it be struck; our gentle flame provokes It self.——

Dem. You write so scurvily, the Devil's in any Man that provokes You, but your self.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the Life.

Paint. So, so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all, As if they had saved his Honour, or his Life; And I must have a feeling in the business.

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd! [*Enter more who pass over.*

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble Spirit!

Jewell. A most worthy Lord!

Poet. What a flood of Visitors his bounty draws!

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery Creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their services to Lord *Timon*'s prosp'rous Fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical Churl
Who hates the World, and does almost abhor
Himself——

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all Mankind; deserves a *Homer* for his Poet.

Jewel. A most accomplisht Person!

Poet. The Glory of the Age!

Paint. Above all parallel!

Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this Man poor, would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he. [*Soft Musick.*

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!
In what delights he melts his hours away!

Enter Timon *and Senators*, Timon *addressing himself courteously to all.*

Tim. My Lord you wrong your self, and bate too much of your
Own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must receive it.

Isidore. Your Lordship has the very Soul of Bounty.

Phæax. You load us with too many Obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my Friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courser which I rode on.
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Phæax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

Tim. My word is past: is there ought else you like?
I know, my Lord, no Man can justly praise,
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your visits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, methinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne'er be weary.

Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty!

Cleon. The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you!

Phæax. Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.

Dem. There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.

Thrasil.

Thrasil. None but the Sun and He oblige without
A prospect of Return.

Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius Imprison'd! say you?

Mess. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his Debt:
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict,
He begs your Letter to those cruel Men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me; I know him,
A Gentleman that well deserves my help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after——tell him so.

Mess. All happiness to your honour. *Exit Messenger.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, Good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd *Diphilus.*

Tim. I have so, that is he.

Old Man. That Fellow there by night frequents my House,
I am a Man that from my first have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my Estate deserves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a Trencher.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This Man attempts her love; pray, my good, Lord
Join with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The Man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, and she accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her Marriage my consent be wanting,
I call the Gods to witness, I will make
The Beggars of the street My Heirs e'er she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;

There is a duty from a Master too,
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
What e'er your Daughters Portion weighs, this
Mans shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so, my Noble Lord! upon your honour
This, and She is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my promise.

Diphil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my Knees:
May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprizing favour:
No Fortune or Estate shall e'er be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rise. I ne'er do good with prospect of return,
That were but Merchandizing, a meer Trade
Of putting kindness out to Use.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
What have you there, my Friend?

Paint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Tim. 'Tis wellcome. I like it, and you shall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here's the Jewel!

Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wearing.

Tim. Well mock't.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all Men think.

Apem. Scum of all Flatterers wilt thou still persist
For filthy gain to guild and varnish o'er
This great Man's Vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.

Apem. Yes and without him too: vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'st this Knave, thou'rt a Fool.

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good Morrow to thee.

Apem. Till I am gentle: stay for thy good Morrow
Till thou art *Timon*'s Dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?

Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'll not recant;
They're all base Fawners; what a coil is here
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the Legs they make
Are worth the summs they cost you; Friendship's full
Of dregs, base filthy dregs.
Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth for cringes.

Ælius. Do you know us, Fellow?

Apem. Did I not call by your names?

Tim. Thou preachest against Vice, and thou thy self art proud *Apemantus*.

Apem.

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.
Tim. Why so?
Apem. To give belief to flattering Knaves and Poets,
And to be ſtill my ſelf my greateſt Flatterer:
What ſhould Great Men be proud of ſtead of noiſe,
And pomp and ſhow, and holding up their heads,
And cocking up their Noſes; pleas'd to ſee
Baſe ſmiling Knaves, and cringing Fools bow to 'em?
Did they but ſee their own ridiculous folly,
Their mean and abſurd Vanities; they'd hide
Their heads within ſome dark and little corner,
And be afraid that every Fool ſhould find 'em.
Tim. Thou haſt too much ſowrneſs in thy blood.
Poet. Hang him,—ne'er mind him———
Apem. What is this fooliſh animal Man, that we
Should magnifie him ſo? a little warm,
And walking Earth that will be aſhes ſoon;
We come into the World crying and ſqualling,
And ſo much of our time's conſum'd in driv'ling infancy,
In ignorance, ſleep, diſeaſe and trouble, that
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.
Phæax. A Preaching Fool.
Apem. A Fool? if thou hadſt half my Wit thou'd'ſt find
Thy ſelf an Aſs! Is it not truth I ſpeak?
Are not all the arts and ſubtleties of Men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diverſions, all their Sports, little enough
To paſs away their happieſt hours with,
And make a heavy Life be born with Patience?
Tim. I, with the help of my Friends, will make mine eaſier
Than what your melancholy frames.
Apem. How little doſt thou look before thee!
Thou, who tak'ſt ſuch great felicity in Fools and Knaves,
And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e'er long
Find 'em ſuch thin, ſuch poor and empty ſhadows,
That thou wilt wiſh thou never hadſt been born.
Tim. I do not think ſo.
Phæax. Hang him, ſend him to the *Areopagus*, and let him be whipt!
Apem. Thus Innocence, Truth and Merit often ſuffer,
Whilſt Injurers, Oppreſſors and deſertleſs Fools,
Swell in their brief Authority, look big
And ſtrut in Furs; 'tis a foul ſhame,
But 'tis a loathſome Age,——it has been long
Impoſthumating with its Villany;
And now the ſwelling's broken out
In moſt contagious Ulcers; no place free
From the deſtructive Peſtilence of manners.

Out

Out upon't, 'tis time the World should end!

Tim. Do not rail so——'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my Morning-Lecture,
And I'll be gone——

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* Brains.

Tim. Why? That's a deed thou'lt dye for, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Yes if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? How dost thou like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for, 'twill
Neither lie, drink, nor Whore,
Flatter a Man to his Face, and cut his
Throat behind his back;
For since false smiles, and base
Dishonour traffique with Man's nature,
He is but mere outside; Pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The insides of these Fellows minds about you.
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their Bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd Villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'st thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a Man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What Fools esteem it, it is not worth my thinking.
Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches!
That must set infinite value on a Bawble!
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy thirst,
Or hunger? No it is comparison
That gives it value; then, thou look'st upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor Man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!
What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of Use? Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'st thou do?

Apem. I would cudgel two Men a day for flattering me,
Till I had beaten the whole Senate.

Phædr. Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his Licentious Tongue.

Tim. No, the Man is honest, 'tis his humour: 'Tis odd,
And methinks pleasant. You must dine with me, *Apemantus*.

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they with all their modest simperings,
And varnish'd looks, can swallow Lords, and get
Great Bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little Bastard steals into
The World, and tells a tale.

Enter

Enter Nicius.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! most welcome to my Arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my happiness
Did spring! your Matchless Daughter, fair *Melissa*.

Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens!* the chief delight
Of Nature, the only life I live by; Oh, that her vows
Were once expir'd; it is, methinks, an Age till that blest day
When we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a Thousand Years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat
All thy Calamities, that plague of Love,
That most unmanly madness of the mind,
That specious Cheat, as false as Friendship is?
Did'st thou but see how like a shiveling thing
Thou look'st and talk'st, thou would'st abhor, or laugh at
Thy own admir'd Image.

Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this subject.

Apem. *Oh vile corrupted time, that men should be*
Deaf to good Counsel, not to Flatterie.

Tim. Come, my dear Friends, let us now visit our Gardens,
And refresh our selves with some cool Wines and Fruit:
I am transported with your Visits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unless it be in that he can more bestow
Upon the Men he loves.

Alius. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your Friendship,
Though without a Dowry?

Isidor. Most worthy *Timon!* who has a Life you may not call your own?

Phaax. We are all your Slaves.

Poet. The joy of all Mankind.

Jewel. Great spirit of Nobleness.

Tim. We must not part this day, my Friends.

Apem. So, so, crouching Slaves aches contract and make your supple
Joynts to wither; that there should be so little
Love among these Knaves, yet all this Courtesie!
They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
As if they were of different Sexes: Villains, Villains. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Evandra. *Re-enter* Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra!* methinks your looks are chang'd,
And clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my Ears this Morning were saluted with
The most unhappy News, the dismal'st story,
The only one cou'd have afflicted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted
With a cold sweat o'r all my Limbs.

Tim.

Tim. What was it, Madam?

Evand. You ſpeak not with the kindneſs you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer words than theſe:
It is too true, and I am miſerable!

Tim. What is't diſturbs you ſo? too well I gueſs. *Aſide.*

Evand. I hear I am to loſe your Love, which was
The only Earthly Bleſſing I enjoy'd;
And that on which my Life depended.

Tim. No, I muſt ever love my Excellent *Evandra*!

Evand. *Meliſſa* will not ſuffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'ſt bluſh at thy Ingratitude!
Had I ſo much towards thee, I ne'er ſhou'd ſhow
My Face without confuſion: Such a guilt,
As if I had deſtroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Eſtate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold reſpects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind ſo far above return,
That 'tis beyond expreſſion.

Evand. Call to mind
Whoſe Race I ſprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
And my unſpotted Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thouſand times have ſworn,
That they exceeded all, and yet all theſe,
The only treaſures a poor Maid poſſeſt,
I ſacrific'd to you, and rather choſe
To throw my ſelf away, than you ſhou'd be
Uneaſie in your wiſhes; ſince which happy,
And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
I never had one ſingle wiſh beyond you;
Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
How far ſoe'er their large Circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
My end, the only thing could fill my Mind.

Tim. She ſtrikes me to the heart! I wonld I had not ſeen her. *Aſide.*

Evan. Ah *Timon*, I have lov'd you ſo, that had
My Eyes offended you, I with theſe fingers
Had pluck't 'em by the roots, and caſt them from me:
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open:
Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can ſay this;
And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you and Heav'n can witneſs
By many long repeated acts of Love,
And Bounty I have ſhew'd you——

Evand.

Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon!*
I am not yet so mean, but I contemn
Your transitory dirt, and all rewards,
But that of Love; your person was the bound
Of all my thoughts and wishes, in return
You *have* lov'd me! Oh miserable sound!
I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not Master of his Appetites,
Heav'n sways our mind to Love.——

Evan. But Hell to falsehood:
How many thousand times y' have vow'd and sworn
Eternal Love; Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
You of your Oaths to me; nor can I ever:
My Love's as much too much as your too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my happiness,
Melissa; Beauty and her Love to me
Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
My dear, false *Timon* swore to me, would you
Have wisht I might have found my happiness
Within anothers Arms? No, no, it is
To love a contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Besides, *Melissa*'s beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock;
Even modesty may praise it self when 'tis
Aspers'd: But her Love is mercenary,
Most mercenary; base, 'tis Marriage-Love:
She gives her person, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generously give without mean bargaining:
I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
I should have lost my Love, and cast it on
A barren and ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.

Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off.

Aside.

Evan. The first storm of your Love did shake me so,
It threw down all my leaves, my hopeful blossoms,
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempest of your hate
Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,
Like a desertless, sapless Tree: must fall.

Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath——

Evan. And yet you do the greatest.

Tim. You shall be so much Partner of my Fortune
As will secure you full respect from all,
And may support your quality in what pomp you can desire.

Evand. I am not of so course a Mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought
That's yours without you———
But, oh thou too dear perjur'd Man, I could
With thee prefer a Dungeon, a low and loathsome Dungeon,
Before the stately gilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the noise, the show, the revelling,
And all the glittering splendour of a Palace.

Tim. I by resistless fate am hurry'd on———

Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd———

Evan. It had a pre-engagement.

Tim. All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry and to preserve my Race.

Evan. Suppose your Wife be false; (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*;) and suffer others to graft upon
Your stock; where is your Race? weak vulgar reason.

Tim. Her honour will not suffer her.

Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her honour.

Tim. Her love will then secure her; which is as fervent.

Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law
Made Love a Merchandize, to traffick hearts
For Marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
Now her great sign of Love, is, she's content
To bind you in the strongest Chains, and to
A slavery, nought can manumize you from
But death: And I could be content to be
A Slave to you, without those vile conditions———

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
Or why should we be punish't for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,
And we are only passive, and whatsoever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
To our desires, we suffer, not commit;
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we must suffer first, and then be punish't for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle——but what
Security of Love from her can be like mine?
Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist
Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
First lifted o'er the Threshold, and then
Led by my Parents to *Minerva*'s Temple:
No young unyok'd Heifer's blood was offer'd

To

To *Diana*; no Invocation to *Juno*, or the *Fates*;
No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
Nor was your House adorn'd with Garlands then;
Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
By my dear Mothers Torches to your Bed:
Are these slight things, the bonds of truth and constancy?
I came all Love into your Arms, unmixt
With other aims; and you for this will cause my death.

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to *Melissa*,
For I shall die to see another have
Possession of all that e'er I wisht for on Earth.

Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa*—

Evan. Ah, my dear Lord, there is some comfort left;
Cherish those noble thoughts, and they'll grow stronger,
Your lawful gratitude and Love will raise,
And quell the other Rebel-passion in you;
Use all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy.

Tim. You have moved me to be Womanish; pray retire,
I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bless my Dear;
Farewel: but will you never see *Melissa* more?

Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.

Evan. I will—will you remember your *Evandra*?

Tim. Yes, I will.
How happy were Mankind in Constancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celestial Spirits!
O could we meet with the same tremblings still,
Those panting joys, those furious desires,
Those happy trances which we found at first! But, oh!

Unhappy Man, whose most transporting joy,
Feeds on such lustious food as soon will cloy,
And that which shou'd preserve, does it destroy. [*Exit* Timon.

ACT II.

[*Enter* Melissa *and* Chloe.]

Mel. WHat think'st thou, *Chloe*? will this dress become me?

Chlo. Oh, most exceedingly! This pretty curl
Does give you such a killing Grace, I swear
That all the Youth at the Lord *Timon's* Mask will die for you.

Mel. No: But dost thou think so, *Chloe*? I love
To make those Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look so scornfully, and then with my

Head on one side, with a languishing Eye I do so
Ask 'em again: Prithee, what do they say of me, *Chloe*?
Chlo. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddess, their Destiny, and talk of *Cupid's* Flames,
And Darts, and Wounds! Oh the newest language,
'Twould make one die to hear it; and ever now
And then steal some gold into my hand,
And then commend [illegible]
Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me?
Chlo. Oh yes, the [illegible] properest Gentlemen—
Mel. But there [illegible] many that die for me? humh—
Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamedon*, *Theodore*, *Thessalus*, *Eumolpides*,
Memnon, and indeed all that see your Ladyship.
Mel. I'll swear [illegible] Complexion to day? ha, *Chloe*?
Chlo. O most [illegible] Wanne White wash this!
Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought; had I not best
Lay on some more red, *Chloe*?
Chlo. A little more would do well; it makes you look
So pretty, and so plump, Madam.
Mel. I have [illegible] in dressing.
Chlo. Oh no, I saw you have been but bare three hours.
Mel. No more! well, if I [illegible] force to be thus pretty but seven
Years, I'd be content to die then on that condition.
Chlo. The gods forbid.
Mel. I'll swear I would; but dost thou think, *Timon* will
Like me in this dress?
Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam!
Mel. Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not home my new
Habit to day; he deserves the Ostrogian! a Villain,
To disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm
To my Complexion! I have dream of it these two nights,
And shall not recover it this Week.
Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deserves death from your Eyes.
Mel. I think I look pretty well! will not *Timon*
Perceive my disorder?—hah—
Chlo. Oh no, but you speak as if you made this killing
Preparation for none but *Timon*.
Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the
Young Blades follow, kiss my hand, admire, adore me,
And die for me: but I must have but one favour'd
Servant; it is the Game and not the Quarry, I
Must look after it in the rest.
Chloe. Oh Lord, I would have as many Admirers as I could.
Mel. Ay so would I [illegible] but favour one alone.
No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my honesty;
Those Admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*;
And that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest.

Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I'd fain see
Any of those Admirers make me a Whore.
Mel. *Timon* loves me honestly and is rich.
Chlo. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*;
He is the rarest Person!
Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: oh he was the beautiful'st Man,
The fineſt wit in *Athens*, the beſt Companion, fulleſt of mirth
And pleaſure, and the prettieſt ways he had to pleaſe Ladies;
He would make his Enemies rejoyce to see him.
Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this ſtill.
Mel. Ay, but he has been long baniſh'd for breaking *Mercury's*
Images, and profaning the myſteries of *Proſerpine*;
Beſides, the people took his Eſtate from him;
And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart, I sweat:
I vow methinks I look ſo pretty to day, I could
Kiſs my ſelf, *Chloe.*
Chlo. Oh dear Madam——I could look on you for ever: oh
What a World of Murder you'll commit to day!
Mel. Doſt thou think ſo? ha? no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon's* come to wait on you, and begs Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Deſire his preſence.
Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,
Afreſh I am wounded every time I ſee her:
All happineſs to beautiful *Meliſſa.*
Mel. I ſhall want none in you, my deareſt Lord.
Tim. Sweeteſt of Creatures, in whom all th' Excellence
Of heav'nly Woman-kind is ſeen epitomiz'd;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.
Mel. I have no value, but my love of you;
And that I am ſure has no allay, 'tis of
So ſtrong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it——
Tim. Dear charming ſweet, thy value is ſo great,
No Kingdom upon Earth ſhould buy thee from me:
But I have ſtill an Enemy with you,
That guards me from my happineſs; a Vow
Againſt the Law of Nature, againſt Love,
The beſt of Nature, and the higheſt Law.
Mel. It will be but a Week in forbearance.
Tim. 'Tis a whole Age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us: ſtill the time
Seems longer to us: But my, dear *Meliſſa*,
Why ſhould we bind our ſelves with Vows and Oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberty's ſo narrow, that we need not

Find

Find Fetters for our selves: No we should seize
On pleasure wheresoever we can find it,
Lest at another time we miss it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a rash one.

Mel. Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; dost think I will
Be Marri'd like some vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the first offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other.

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your Vow?

Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once secure, I'll keep
A Vow to you, that would not to my self?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, *Melissa*,
To interrupt our Joys; let us make sure
O' th' present minute, for the rest, perhaps,
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a Vow;
No, you shall never find a change in me,
All the fixt stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may assure you of my Love; if not,
Upon my Knees I swear——
Were I the Queen of all the Universe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery,
I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I Vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
Should the firm Centre shake, should Earthquakes rage
With such a fury to disorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were hudled into their first Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
The same Adorer of *Melissa!*

Mel. This is so great a Blessing, Heav'n cann't add to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n *Melissa*, the last mark
Of all my hopes and wishes, so I prize thee,
That I cou'd die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timon's.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your Lordship's
Guests wait your wisht Presence: the Lord
Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's hast to wait on him, *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants *setting things in order for the Feast.*

Poet. His Honour will soon be here, I have prepar'd the Maskers;
They are all ready.

Apem.

Apem. How now, *Poet*? what piece of foppery
Hast thou to present to *Timon*?

Poet. Thou art a senceless snarling Stoick,
And hast no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:
Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who
Writ'st nothing but high-sounding frothy stuff;
Thou spread'st, and beat'st out thy poor little sence,
'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'st impertinent description,
And when thou hast a rapture, it is not
The sacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like Madmens thoughts, and this thou call'st Poetical.

Poet. You are judge! shall dull Philosophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick spirits of the Age?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
Are there such eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time? their most unreasonable heads
Are whimsical, and fantastick as Fidlers,
They are the scorn and laughter of all witty Men,
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgment of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phœax, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick; write your-
Self, do and you dare.

Apem. I confess 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a Man
Of sence to write to an Age that likes your spurious stuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves always.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou,
That would'st thus long omit it?

Isid. You stay to be at the Lord *Timon*'s Feast.

Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Ass to bid me farewel.

Cleon. Why so?

Apem. Because I have not so little reason or honesty to
Return thee one good wish for it.

Phœax. Go hang thy self.

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requests to
Thy Friend, if there be such a Wretch on Earth.

Phœax. Be gone, unpeaceable Dog, or I will spurn thee from me.

Apem. Though I am none I'll fly like a Dog,
The heels of the Ass.

Nici. Hee's opposite to all humanity.

Ælius.

Ælius. Now we shall taste of *Timon*'s bounty.

Phæax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will ——

Isid. And pours it down on all his Friends, as if *Timon*
The god of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phæax. No Meed but he repays it ten-fold above
It self, no gift but breeds the giver such
Return as does exceed his wishes.

Thrasil. He bears the noblest mind that ever govern'd Man.

Phæax. Long may he live with prosperous Fortunes:
But I fear it ——

Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his Creditors,
Even of their Interest.

Phæax. I fear it is too true ——
Well, 'tis pity: but he's a good Lord,

Enter Timon *with* Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, *and a great Train with him.*

Here he comes. My Noble Lord.

Nici. Most worthy *Timon*!

Ælius. My most honour'd Lord.

Tim. You over-joy me with your presence! Is there
On Earth a sight so splendid, as Tables well
Fill'd with good and faithful Friends, like you?
Dear *Melissa*! be pleas'd to know my Friends
Oh *Apemantus*! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'st me not,
I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think
On the ebb of your Estate, and flow of Debts;
How many prodigal bits do Slaves and Flatterers gorge!
And now 'tis noble *Timon*, worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*;
And when the Means is gone that buys this praise,
The breath is gone whereof the praise is made.

Tim. It is not so with my Estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities,
So the gods bless me.
When all your Offices have been oppress
With riotous feeders, when every Vault has wept
With drunken spilth of Wine, when every room
Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minstrels,
Or roaring singing Drunkards; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell, and set my Eyes
At flow for thee, because I find something in
Thee that might be worthy —— but as thou art
Hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more, and I no Estate,
Am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
The dearest loving Friends that ever Man was blest with.

Nici.

Nici. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to ſhow how
We love and honour you!
Alius. That you wou'd once but uſe our hearts.
Iſand. We'd lay 'em out all in your ſervice.
Phæax. Yes, all our ſelves, if you wou'd put us to a
Tryal, then we were perfect.
Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd ſerve me all;
Shall I diſtruſt my Friends? I have often wiſht
My ſelf poorer that I might uſe you——We are
Born to do good one to another: Friends,
Unleſs we uſe 'em, are like ſweet Inſtruments hung
Up in caſes: But oh, what a precious comfort
'Tis to have ſo many like Brothers, commanding
One anothers fortunes! Truſt me, my joy brings water to my Eyes.
Phæax. Joy had the like conception in my Eyes.
Apem. Ho, ho, ho———I laugh to think
That it conceiv'd a Baſtard.
Tim. What doſt thou laugh for?
Apem. To hear theſe ſmell-feaſts lye and fawn ſo,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge.
Theſe Flies, who at one cloud of winter-ſhowers
Would drop from off you.
Cleon. Silence the Dog.
Phæax. Let the ſnarling Cur be kickt out.
Apem. Of what vile Earth, of what mean dirt
A Lord is kneaded!
Tim. The Man I think is honeſt, and his humour hurts us not.
Apem. I would my reaſon wou'd do thee good, *Timon*.
Mel. This is an odd ſnarling Fellow: I like him.
Apem. If I could without lying, I'd ſay the ſame of thee.
Mel. Why? prethee what doſt thou think of me?
Tim. He'll ſnarl at thee.
Mel. No matter.
Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red Earth,
The Picture of Vanity drawn to th' life;
I am thinking how handſome that Skull will
Be when all the Fleſh is off; that face thou art
So proud of, is a poor, vain, tranſitory thing,
And ſhortly will be good for nothing.
Mel. Out on him, ſcurvy poor Fellow.
Tim. No more of this, be not ſo ſullen, I'll be kind
To thee and better thy Condition.
Apem. No, I'll have nothing; ſhould I be brib'd too,
There would be none left to rail at thee, and then
Thou'dſt ſin the faſter: *Timon*, thou giveſt ſo long,
Thou'lt ſhortly give thy ſelf away.
Tim. I'll hear no more:

Let him have a Table by himself.

Apem. Let me have some Roots and Water,
Such as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink
Before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.

[*The Meat is ſerv'd up with Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.*

Tim. Sit, Dear *Meliſſa*, this is your Feaſt:
And all you ſee is yours:
And all that you can wiſh for ſhall be ſo.
Come, ſit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was deviſ'd at firſt to ſet a gloſs
On feigned deeds, and hollow hearted welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry e'er 'tis ſhown:
True Friendſhip needs 'em not: you're more welcome
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me. [*They ſit.*
Will you not have ſome Meat, *Apemantus*?

Apem. I ſcorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I ſhould
Ne'er flatter ye; Ye Gods, what a number of Men
Eat *Timon*! and yet he ſees 'em not.
It grieves me to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one Man's Bloud, and all the madneſs is
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:
I wonder Men dare truſt themſelves with Men;
Methinks they ſhould invite them without Knives,
'Twere ſafer far. That Fellow that ſits next him,
Now parts bread with him, pledges his breath
In a divided Draught, may next day kill him.
Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man,
I ſhou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
Leſt they ſhou'd ſpy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places.
Great Men ſhould drink with Harneſs on their Throats.

Tim. Now my Lords, let *Meliſſa*'s health go round.

Ælius. Let it flow this way— [*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets ſound.*

Apem. How this pomp ſhows to a little Oyl and Roots?
Theſe healths will make thee and thy State look ill.

Phæax. Peace, Villain.

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
Here's honeſt Water ne'er left man i' th' mire:
This and my Root will ſtill keep down
My ſawcy and preſumptuous Fleſh,
That it ſhall never get the better of me.

Apemantus's *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no Man but my ſelf:
Grant I may never be ſo fond,
To truſt Man on his Oath or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that ſeems a ſleeping,

Or

Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I have a mind to 'em.
Amen, Amen, and so fall to't,
Great Men sin, and I eat Root.

Much good may't do thee, good *Apemantus.*

Nici. Our noble Lord *Timon's* health, let it go round.

And Drums and Trumpets sound. [*Kettle-Drums, &c.*

Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise, the splendor,
The frantick Glory of this foolish life!
We make our selves Fools to disport our selves,
And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
Of Folly and of Madness, thats all on't,
The scenes and empty spaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
A vain fantastick dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I speak to you,
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the Council,
And any thing in *Athens.*

Tim. I speak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Phaax.*

Phaax. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades,*
(Whose Enemies you have been, and whose Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens;*
Not openly because he will not trust
The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
If he sollicites his recallment with you,
There lives not on this Earth a Man that has
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility;
He has preserv'd ev'n *Athens* in his Exile,
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedæmonian* Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in ashes.
How many famous Battels has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his absence he has wrested
The Government from the insulting Vulgar;
Whose Wisedom's Blindness, and whose Power is Madness:
And plac'd it in your noble Hands, methinks,
You in return should take off his hard sentence
Of Banishment, and render back all his Estate.

Phaax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us
That we would disobey?

Nici. I am absolutely yours in all Commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can serve Lord *Timon*?

Apem. Think'st thou thy self thy Countries Friend now? *Timon*, His foul Riot and his inordinate Lust,
His wavering Passions, and his headlong Will,
His selfish Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonness,
The Rage and Madness of his Luxury
Will make the *Athenians*, hearts ake, as thy own
Will soon make thine.

Isid. Hang him, we never mind him.

Isand. When will he speak well of any Man?

Apem. When I can find a Man that's better than A Beast, I will fall down and worship him.

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the Masque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish folly Slaves find out
To please and court all thy distemper'd Appetites!
They spend their flatteries to devour those Men
Upon whose Age they'll void it up agen
With poysonous spite and envy.
Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
Who die that bear not some spurns to their Graves
Of their Friends giving? I should fear that those
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day stamp on me: it has been done) that you will be now,

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more——be gone.

Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'st not hear me, thou will curse thy self for't.

Tim. I do not think so——fare thee well. [*Exit. Apemantus.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd desire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades*,

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him,
When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country?
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I shall chuse him first of any Man;
How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

Enter

Enter Evandra *with Ladies Masqu'd.*

Tim. Ladies, you do my House and me great honour;
I should be glad you would unmask, that I
Might see to whom I own the Obligation.

1. *Lad.* We ask your Pardon, we are stoln out upon
Curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleasure, Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay thing so much admir'd,
That's born to rob me of my happiness,
And of my Life; her Face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so:
Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all,
There's nothing natural: She always acts
And never shews her self; How blind is Love
That cannot see this Vanity! [*Masque begins.*

Enter Shepherds *and* Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the Chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songsters of the Grove*
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praises fill the Air,
Chorus. *On ev'ry side the charming sound*
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.

Retornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires*
Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires:
While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
These pretty couples love and sing.
Chorus with Flutes. *But Winter puts out their desire,*
And half the year they want Loves fire.

Retornella.

Full Chorus. *But ah how much are our delights more dear,*
For only Humane Kind love all the year.

Enter the *Mænades* and *Ægipanes.*

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie*
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, *who always keeps us free*
From that blind childish power.

2 Bach. *Love makes; you languish and look pale,*
And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.

Chorus with Hout-boy. *Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his soul,*
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,
If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.

Nymph.

Nymph. *Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine,*
Your swell'd Faces with Rosies adorning,
Soak your Brains over night, and your senses resign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.
Nymph. *With dull thing Noddies live on in a mist,*
And never discover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty you could not resist,
The Empire he slights he'd destroy.

1 Bach. *Better our heads, than heart should ake,*
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a Slaue can make,
And force a Lover to be wise.
Better, &c.

2. Bach. *Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,*
And takes the Terrour off from War;
To Loves affliction it gives ease,
And to its Joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,*
The end of Wealth and Power is Love,
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.

Retornella of Hout-boys.

Bach. *'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,*
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,
And makes the young Louts Chains despise.

Retornella.

Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *Love rules the World.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
Nymphs *and* Shepherd. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus *and* Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,*
And we together rule Mankind.
General. *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join.*
Chorus. *To sound the loud praises of Love and good Wine.*
Wine gives the vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down;
And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.

Tim. 'Tis well design'd, and well perform'd, and I'll
Reward you well: let us retire into my next
Apartment, where I've devis'd new pleasures for you;
And where I will distribute some small Presents
To testifie my Love and Gratitude.

Exeunt.

Phaax. A noble Lord!

Ælius. Bounty it self.

Tim. Thus, my *Meliſſa*, will we always ſpend
Our time in Pleaſures; but who e'er enjoys
Thee, has all this life affords ſum'd up in that.

Evan. Theſe words did once belong to me, but Oh!
My ſtubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your preſence,
And accept of a Collation.

1 *Lady.* We ask your pardon, and muſt leave you.

Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd ſpeak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleaſed, Madam, to retire with your Father,
I'll wait on you inſtantly. [To *Meliſſa.*

[*Exeunt all but* Timon *and* Evandra.

Who are you, Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her laſt leave of you.

Tim. Evandra! What confuſion am I in!

Evan. I am ſorry in the midſt of all your joys
I ſhould diſturb you thus: I had a mind
To ſee you once before I dy'd; I ne'er
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear theſe killing words.

Evan. They'll be my laſt, and therefore give 'em room:
I am haſtning to my death, then you'll be happy,
I ne'er ſhall interrupt your joys again,
Unleſs the Memory of me ſhould make
You drop ſome tears upon my duſt; I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you ſo, that ſhe cou'd die to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra*! that would make
Me wretched far below all miſery;
I'd rather kill my ſelf than hear that news:
I call the gods to witneſs, there's not one
On Earth I more eſteem.

Evan. Eſteem! alas!
It is too weak a Cordial to preſerve
My fading Life, I ſee your Paſſion's grown
Too headſtrong for you. Oh, my deareſt *Timon*!
I, while I have any breath, muſt call you ſo;
Had you once ſtrugled for my ſake,
And ſtriven to oppoſe the raging fury of
Your fatal Love, I ſhould have dy'd contented.
But Oh! falſe to your ſelf, to all my hopes,
And me, you ſuckt the ſubtile poyſon in

So

So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly; I have found from her
The truest and the tenderest Love that e'er
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the disease
T' admit a Cure; I will persuade no longer:
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk not of Death; I'll love you still;
I can love two at once, trust me I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or nothing;
I love you so, I cannot live to see
That dear, that most ador'd Person in another's Arms,
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your *Melissa*.
No, dear false Man, you soon shall be at rest,
I came, but to receive a parting Kiss:
You'll not deny me that?

Tim. I will not part with you; we'll be Friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the last, I'll never see you more;
And may *Melissa* ever love you, as
The Excellence of your form deserves; and may
She please you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Gods! Why should I not love this Woman best?
She has deserv'd beyond all measure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
But I have had her Love already.
Oh most accursed Charm, that thus perverts me,
To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'll have but one last look of that
Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.
Oh, I could devour it with my Eyes; but I'll
Remove it from thee. I ne'er
Shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee satisfaction.

Evan. No, dearest Enemy, I'll remove the gunt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

Tim. Hold dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'st my life,
Preserve thy own; for here I swear, that minute
When thou attempt'st thy life, I will lose mine.
Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self;
She's agitated by a dang'rous Passion.

Aside.

Offers to stab her self.

My dear! let *Diphilus* wait on thee home;
As soon as ever my Company is gone,
I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.
Evan. No, no: I cannot hope—farewel for ever. [*Ex.* Diph. *and* Evan.
Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort;
For the Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty——
O miserable state of humane life!
We slight all the injoyments which we have;
And those things only value which we have not:
Where is *Demetrius*?
Dem. My Lord!
Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?
Dem. It is here, my Lord: I beg your Lordship hear me speak.
I have business that concerns you nearly——
Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex me
Each moment with the hateful name of business,
That mortal Foe to pleasure, I'll not near it. [*Ex.* Timon.
Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts,
And all out of an empty Coffer.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in Debt; He owes
For every word; His Land is all engag'd,
His Money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office; lest he shou'd borrow all
I have gotten in his service. Well!
Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,
Than such who do ev'n Enemies exceed. [*Ex.* Demet.

ACT III.

Enter Timon *and* Demetrius.

Tim. *Demetrius*! How comes it
That I have been thus incounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjust detention of Money long since due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone so far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my state fully before me?
Dem. You would not hear me.
At many times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid 'em before you——you would throw 'em off,
And say, you found 'em in my Honesty.

I have beyond good manners, pray'd you of late
To hold your hand more close, and was rebuk'd for't.
Tim. You should have prest it further.
Dem. What? er I durst I did, it was my interest;
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof:
O my good Lord, the World is but a World,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?
Tim. Have you no Money in the Treasury?
Dem. Not enough to supply the riot of two meals.
Tim. Let all my Land be sold.
Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future comes apace.
Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my Land extend.
Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.
Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honest.
Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongst what Parasites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.
Tim. Come; preach no more, thou soon shalt find that I
Have not misplac'd my Bounty, why dost weep?
I am rich in Friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.
Dem. I doubt it.
Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my Fortune.
Now I shall try my Friends. Who waits there?

Enter three Servants.

1 *Serv.* My Lord!
Tim. Go you to *Phœax* and to *Cleon*, you to *Isidor*
And *Ælius*, you to *Isidore* and *Thrasillus*.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em
For a supply of Money. Let thy request
Be fifty Talents, from each Man.
1 *Serv.* We will, my Lord.
Tim. Thou *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the States best health I have deserv'd
This hearing. Petition them to send me 600 Talents.
Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of

Importunate

Importunate Slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em. [Ex. Dem.

Tim. What! must my doors be oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and those been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne'er kept Man out, but still'd and did invite
All that past by it, in, and must he be
My Gaoler, and my House my Prison now?
I'll not despair: my Friends will never fail me. [Exit.

Scene is the Porch, or Cloister of the Stoicks.

Apemantus *speaking to the people and several Senators.*

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases of
Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
Behold the poorest miserable Wretch
Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,
The Fool will find out something to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deserve my precepts, you shall have 'em,
Mean while, if I'll be honest, I must rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phæax. Our Government is too remiss in suffering the
Licence of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling who's puft up,
And swells with the opinion of his greatness;
He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself so,
But to make others do it? wretched Ass!
By the same means he seeks respect, he loses it.
Mean thing! does he not play the Fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and stink,
Like other Men, and die and rot so too;
What then should it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
And that's a word some other Men cannot
Prefix before their names: what then? a word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
Or if made a Lord, perhaps it was [*Enter* Timon's *three Servants.*
By blindness or partiality i' th' Government.
If for desert, he loses it in Pride;
Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
Them for himself; himself should then reward 'em.
Oh but perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one
There was Villainy in the getting of that dirt,
And he has the Nobility to have Knaves for his Ancestors.

Phæax. Hang thee thou snarling Rascal, the Government's
To blame in suffering thee to rail so long.

Apem. The Government's to blame

In suffering the things I rail at.
In suffering Judges without Beards, or Law
Secretaries that can't write;
Have I been ever free, and those been open
Generals that durst not fight, Ambassadors that can't speak sence,
Block-heads to be great Ministers, and Lord it over witty Men;
Suffering great Men to sell their Country for filthy bribes,
Old limping Senators sell their Souls
For vile Extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent;
And Magistrates to Pimp for their own Daughters.
Ruine of Orphans, Treachery, Murther, Rapes,
Incests, Adulteries, and Unnatural sins,
Fill all your dwelling, here's the shame of Government,
And not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads,
And fear'd hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government,
That is so froward it cannot bear Mens words.

Alius. Well, babling, Philosophical Rascal,
We shall make you tremble one day.

Apem. Never.
Sordid great Man! it is not in your power,
I fear not Man no more than I can love him.
'Twere better for us that wild Beasts possess
The Empire of the Earth, they'd use Men better,
Than they do one another. They'd ne'er prey
On Man but for necessity of Nature.
Man undoes Man in wantonness and sport,
Brutes are much honester than he; my Dog
When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
He is in earnest; but a Man shall smile,
And wish my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, say'st thou?

1 *Serv.* Yes! he says he's proud he has occasion
To make use of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that? [*Aside.*
Unfortunate Man! I have not half a Talent by me
But here are other Lords can do it.
I honour him so, that if he will, I'll sell my Land for him;
But prethee excuse me to him, I am
In great haste at this time. [*Ex.* Cleon.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis as I thought. How Monstrous and deform'd a
Thing is base ingratitude! Here's *Pheax*. My Lord?

Pheax. Oh! one of Lord *Timon*'s Men? a gift I warrant you.
Why this hits right. I Dreamt of a Silver Bason and
Ewer to night. How does that honourable compleat,
Free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

1 *Serv.* Well in his health, my Lord.

Pheax. I am heartily glad, what hast thou
Under thy Cloak, honest youth?

1 *Serv.* An empty Box, which by my Lord's Command,
I come to entreat your Honour to ſupply with fifty Talents
He has inſtant need of. He bids me ſay
He does not doubt your Friendſhip.

Phæax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord!
He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept ſo good a Houſe,
'Twould have been better; I've often din'd with him,
And told him of it, and come again to Supper for
That purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs, but 'twould not do;
I am ſorry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful
And of good parts. ——

1 *Serv.* Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Phæax. A prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'ſt
What's reaſon. And canſt uſe thy time well, if the time uſe
Thee well——'Tis no time to lend Money, Thou art wiſe,
Here's Money for thee——good Lad wink at me and ſay,
Thou ſaw'ſt me not.

1 *Serv.* Is't Poſſible the World ſhould differ ſo,
And we alive that liv'd in't?

Apem. What art thou ſent to invite thoſe Knaves again
To Feaſt with thy Luxurious Lord?

1 *Serv.* No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
And this Lord has given me this to ſay, I did not ſee him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?
Baſe ſlaviſh *Phæax*, thou of the Nobility?
Let molten Coin by thy damnation.

Phæax. Peace, Dog.

Apem. Thou worſe! thou Trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
Thou haſt *Timon*'s meat ſtill in thy gluttonous paunch,
And doſt deny him Money. Why ſhould it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poiſon?

2 *Serv.* My Noble Lord.

Iſand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my nobleſt Friend?

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your honour, he has ſent——

Iſan. Hah——what has he ſent? I am ſo much oblig'd
To him, he's ever ſending. How ſhall I thank him? hah,
What has he ſent?

2 *Serv.* He has ſent me to tell you he has occaſion
To uſe your Friendſhip, he has inſtant need
Of fifty Talents——

Iſan. Is that the buſineſs? hah!
I know his honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many hundreds.

2 *Serv.* Yes, he wants fifty,
But is aſſur'd of your Honour's Friendſhip.

Iſan. Thou art not ſure in earneſt?

2 *Serv.* Upon my life I am.

Iſan.

Isan. What an unfortunate Wretch am I?
To disfurnish my self upon so good a time,
When I might have shown how much I love
And honour him: This is the greatest affliction
E'er fell upon me: the Gods can witness for me,
I was just sending to my Lord my self.
I have no power to serve him, my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the best
Beast that I am, that the first good occasion
Shou'd not be in my power to use, I beg
A thousand pardons.——Tell him so——

Apem. Thou art an Excellent Summer Friend!
How often hast thou dipt thy dish with him?
He has been a Father to thee with his purse,
Supported thy Estate, when e'er thou drink'st,——
His Silver Kisses thy Base Lips, thou rid'st upon
His Horses, ly'st on his Beds.

Isan. Peace, or I'll Knock thy brains out. [*Ex.* Isan.

2 *Serv.* My Lord *Thrasillus*——

Thra. He's comes to borrow, I must shun him.
I hope your Lord is well.

2 *Serv.* Yes, my Lord, and has sent me——

Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great haste
But I'll wait on him if I can possible. [*Ex.* Thra.

Apem. Good Fool, go home.
Dost think to find a grateful Man in *Athens*?

3 *Serv.* If my Lord's occasions did not press
Very much, I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he send to me? I am poor.
There's *Phœax*, *Cleon*, *Isidore*, *Thrasillus*, and *Isander*,
And many Men that owe their Fortunes to him.

3 *Serv.* They have been Toucht and found base Mettle.

Ælius. Have they deny'd him; and must you come to me?
Must I be his last refuge? 'tis a great slight,
Must I be the last sought to? he might have consider'd who I am.

3 *Serv.* I see he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the first that e'er receiv'd gift from him,
And I will keep it for his honour's sake,
But at present I cannot possibly supply him:
Besides, my Father made me swear upon
His Death, I never should lend Money,
I've kept the Oath e'er since. Fare thee well. [*Ex.* Ælius.

3 *Serv.* They all fly us!

Apem. The Barbarous Herd of Mankind shun
One in affliction, and turn him out as
Deer do one that's hunted, go, go home
To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curse himself,

That

That would not hear me: bid him live on roots
And water, and know himself, he had better
Have shun'd Mankind than be deserted by them. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Melissa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i' th' World?
With what amazement will the news of this
So sudden alteration be receiv'd by all *Athenians*?

Chloe. It is for certain true!

Mel. Certain as death or fate! my Father has assur'd me
Of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all
His ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will swallow him.
'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll Stand upon my Guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires Admittance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be Lord *Timon*, or any one from him,
Say I am not well. I will not be seen:
Be sure I be not.

Chloe. I warrant you. [*Ex.* Chloe.

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base Poverty
Shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades*
Recall'd, he would adore me still,
And wou'd be rich too.

Enter Alcibiades *in disguise, and* Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in disguise, I know him not.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does. [*Pulls off his Disguise.*

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!
The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more welcome
To me than the return of the Suns heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkness.

Alcib. My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my Soul, my Liberty,
And all that's precious in the Earth, I have
Within my Arms: This Treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy Victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I Triumph'd for thee,
All day I sigh'd and wisht, and pray'd for thee,
And in the Night thou Entertain'd'st my Sleeps,
And whensoe'er I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams
I was Valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Melissa*! the Cordial of thy love
Is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me,
One kiss and take my Soul; another and
'Twill sally out; Oh, I could fix whole Ages on

Thy

Thy tender Lip; and pity all the Fools
That keep a senseless Pother in the World for pow'r,
And Pomp, and Noise, and lose substantial bliss.
Mel. There is no bliss but love, and but for that
The World would fall in Pieces! Oh with what a grief
Have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father
Prevented my Escape, I had come to thee.
Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens* safety that thou did'st not;
I had neglected all my Conquest which
Preserved this base ungrateful Town: for I
In thee shou'd have all that I sought for; Thou
Would'st have been life, Liberty, Country and Estate to me.
Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes,
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.
Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They soon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every stroke the Memory of *Melissa*
Gave Vigour to my Arm, and made me Conquer.
Mel. Oh, let Ambition never more disturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it.
Let not the noise of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Clashing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding Men, entice thee from me.
Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toss their usurious bags about their Ears,
Rifle their Houses, deflour their Wives and Daughters,
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.
But, dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for Friends,
For Ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.
Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my vertue
Without my Life: but on my Knees I vow
No other Man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, should ever have my love,
And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.
Alcib. And here
I swear, that could I Conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy fair Breast,
An Oath more Sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which Knavish Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe,

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire; my Father has not yet
Forgotten his Enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the Lacedæmonians, and his foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
He'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance,
I would have forgiven him for begetting thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon *and Servant.*

Tim. Is't possible? deserted thus?
What large professions did all these make but yesterday?
Did they all refuse to lend, say you?

1 *Serv.* The rumour of your borrowing was soon
Dispers't, and then at sight of one of us
They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;
And who suspected not when they were mov'd,
Came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon*? I'll go to 'em
My self, they will not have the face to use me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius!* what news bring'st thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at ebb, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry; you are Honourable;
But yet they could have wisht; they know not,
Something has been amiss; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;
And so intending other Serious matters,
After distastful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half caps and cold careless Nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villainy, Old Men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their Blood is Cak'd and cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel,
And Nature as it grows again toward Earth
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a Blessing to be mad?
Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate-House. [*Exeunt.*

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers, Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this ſwarm of Raſcals here?
Each looking big, and with the viſage of demand.

1 *Cred.* We wait for certain Sums of Money due.

Dem. If Money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your falſe Maſters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon him,
And ſwallow the intereſt down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon *and Servants.*

Tim. If *Meliſſa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her ſuddenly.

1 *Cred.* Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

2 *Cred.* Here's mine.

3 *Cred.* And mine.

4 *Cred.* My Maſter's.

Tim. Hold, hold, my Wits. Knock me down,
Cleave me to the waſte. What would you have, you Harpyes?

1 *Cred.* We ask our due.

Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

4 *Cred.* My Maſter's is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my Blood.

2 *Cred.* Five thouſand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.
What yours, and yours?

3 *Cred.* My Lord.

1 *Cred.* My Lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces will you?
The gods conſume, confound, and vex you all.

1 *Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?

2 *Cred.* Mercy on us, let us be gone.

3 *Cred.* Let's go, hee'll Murder ſome of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.
Slaves, Creditors, Dogs, preſerve my Wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; paſſion mends it not.

[Lampridius *croſſes the Stage and ſhuns* Timon.

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Priſon.
His Father dead ſince, and he rich.
Now the Villain ſhuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend *Phæax.*

Phæax. Oh my Lord——I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip.

I have a ſudden occaſion calls me hence,
I'll wait on you inſtantly. [Ex. Phrax.
Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.
Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to ſee
If I can ſerve your Lordſhip in the Command
I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [Ex. Cleon.
Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has
A Jewel at this moment on, which I preſented him,
Coſt me three thouſand Crowns.
Dem. You'll find 'em all like theſe.
Tim. There are not many ſure ſo bad.
How have I lov'd theſe Men, and ſhewn 'em kindneſs,
As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!
[*Enter* Diphilus *ſeeing* Timon, *muffles his Face and turns away.*
Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, whom I marry'd to
The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an Eſtate too;
And now he hides himſelf, and ſteals from me?
How much is a Dog more generous than a Man;
Oblige him once, hee'll keep you Company,
Ev'n in your utmoſt want and miſery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius?* my Lord——*Ælius.*
Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would ſpeak
With him—— [Dem. *goes to him, he turns back.*
Do you not know me, *Ælius*?
Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon!*
Tim. Think you I have the Plague?
Ælius. No, my Lord.
Tim. Why do you ſhun me then?
Ælius. I ſhun you? I'd ſerve your Lordſhip with my life.
Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuſe me Money,
Wou'd Venture his life for me.
Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power
To ſupply you; but I am going to the *Forum*, to a Debtor,
If I receive any, your Lordſhip ſhall command it. [Ex. Ælius.
Tim. Had I ſo lately all the Caps and Knees of th' *Athenian*,
And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thraſillus.

Thraſ. Who's there? [*Runs back.*
Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Ifander.

How is't, *Ifander*?

Ifand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon*!

Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become so dreadful
An Object? is poverty contagious?

Ifand. Your Lordſhip ever ſhall be dear to me.
It makes me weep to think I cou'd not ſerve you
When you ſent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate.
I humbly ask your pardon; I'll ſell all I have.
But I'll ſupply you ſoon. [*Ex.* Ifander.

Tim. Smooth Tongue, diſſembling, weeping Knave, farewel.
And farewel all Mankind! It ſhall be ſo——*Demetrius*!
Go to all theſe fellows. Tell 'em I'm ſupply'd, I have no
Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good
As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,
And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean? [*Ex.* Demetrius.

Tim. I have one reſerve can never fail me,
And while *Meliſſa*'s kind I can't be miſerable;
She has a vaſt Fortune in her own diſpoſal.
The Sun will ſooner leave his courſe
Than ſhe deſert me.

Enter firſt Servant.

Is *Meliſſa* at home?

1. *Serv.* She is, my Lord; but will not ſee you.

Tim. What does the Raſcal ſay? [*Strikes him.*
Damn'd Villain to belye her ſo?

1 *Serv.* By Heav'n 'tis truth. She ſaies ſhe will not ſee you.
Her Woman told me firſt ſo. And when I would not
Believe her, ſhe came and told me ſo her ſelf;
That ſhe had no buſineſs with you; deſir'd you would
Not trouble her; ſhe had affairs of Conſequence, &c.

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art faln indeed; fallen from all thy
Hopes of happineſs. Earth, open and ſwallow me
Moſt miſerable wretch that thou did'ſt ever bear.

Enter Meliſſa.

1 *Serv.* My Lord, *Meliſſa*'s Paſſing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Meliſſa*!

Mel. Is he here? what luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not ſee your *Timon*?
And did not you ſend me word ſo?

Enter.

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy and am so now; I must obey my Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not *Melissa* said; If *Timon* were reduc'd
To rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Universe,
She would not change her love?

Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate must be obey'd [*Ex.* Mel.

Tim. Some Mountains cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O straggling Senses whither are you going?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me!
I've been ungrateful to her, why should I
Blame Villains who are so to me?

Evan. Oh *Timon*! I have heard and felt all thy afflictions;
I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more;
Nor ever would, had'st thou continu'd prosperous.
Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that course stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy Eyes from an ungrateful Man?

Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They have been fixt upon thee present, and when absent
I've each moment view'd thee in my mind,
And shall they now remove?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? who
Has such a load of misery beyond
The strength of humane nature to support?

Evan. I am no base Athenian Parasite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accursed *Athens*? Forest of two Legg'd Beasts;
Plague, Civil War, and Famine, be thy Lot:
Let propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious Brood may spring
To infect and damn succeeding Generations;
May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A passage through his Mothers cursed Womb;
And kill the Hag; or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell ravenous Bitches
Devour their own base Whelps.

Evan. Timon! compose thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has

To

To its Eternal Infamy deserted thee.
But thy unwaried bounty to *Evandra*
Has so enrich'd her, she in wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it at thy feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'erwhelmes me,
It covers me all o'er with shame and blushes.
Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already,
And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra!*
I have rage and madness, and I shall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center, open quickly.
Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evan. O my dear Lord! this sight will break my heart;
Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
Let us retire together and live free
From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind,
I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Tim. My senses are not sound, I never can
Deserve thee: I've us'd thee scurvily.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not.
Comfort thy self, if thou hast been unkind,
Forgive thy self, and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be obliged to one,
I have treated so injuriously as her—[*Aside.*

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive to compose
Your self. All that I have was and is yours, I wish
It ne'er had been, that yet I might have shewn
By stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon.*

Tim. Most Excellent of all the whole Creation,
Thou are too good that thou should'st e'er partake
Of my misfortunes——
And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [*Aside.*
Prithee, *Evandra*, go to thy own House,
I am once to give my flatt'ring Rogues
An Entertainment, but such a one as shall beat 'em;
And then I'll see thee.

Evan. Heav'n ever bless my Dear. [*Ex. Timon and Evandra.*

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Isander, Isidore, Thrasillus, Ælius.

Phæax. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. He received me
Me his condition was near as good as ever.

Isand. That I doubt—but 'tis well at present
By his new feasting.

Ælius,

Ælius. I am ſorry I was not furniſh'd when he ſent to me.
Iſid. I am ſick of that grief, now I ſee how all things go.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. Oh! my kind Friends! how is't with you all?
How I rejoice to ſee you! Come, ſerve in Dinner.
Phæax. My noble Lord! never ſo well as
When your Lordſhip is ſo.
Ælius. I am ſick with ſhame that I
Should be ſo unfortunate a Beggar when you ſent to me.
Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal: I have
No need of any ſums; my Eſtate is in good health ſtill.
Phæax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one refuſe
Your Lordſhip, were it in his power? Command half
My Eſtate! I am ſorry I was ſo in haſt. I could
Not ſtay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now.
Pray uſe me——I hope he will not take me at my word. [*Aſide.*
Iſan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could
Not ſerve you. Now my Lord command me——I am able.
Tim. I beſeech you do not think on't;
I know ye love me, All of ye.
Phæax. Equal with our ſelves, my dear Lord.
Thra. If you had ſent but two hours before to me?——
Cleon. Now I have Money, pray command it.
Tim. No more, for Heav'ns ſake; think you I diſtruſt
My kind good Friends! you are the beſt of Friends,
My Fortune ne'er ſhall drive me from you, and ſhould
Mine fail, which I hope it never will,
I know I may command all yours.
Phæax. I ſhall think my ſelf happy enough if you would
But command my utmoſt *Drachma.*
Ælius. That were honour indeed; to ſerve Lord *Timon*,
I would with Life and Fortune.
Iſan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?
Iſid. Not a Man in *Athens.*
Cleon. There's no foot of my Eſtate your Lordſhip
May not call your own.
Thra. Nor mine, my noble Lord.
Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends. Who has ſuch
Kind, ſuch hearty Friends as I have?
Ælius. All cover'd Diſhes.
Iſan. Royal chear I warrant you.
Phæax. Doubt not of that; if money or
The Seaſon can afford it.
Iſid. The ſame good Lord ſtill.
Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's ſit! make it

Not

Not a City Feast, to let the meat cool e'er we agree
Upon our Places.

The GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your own gifts, base ungrateful Man will not do it of himself; reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis'd; were your Godheads to borrom of Men, Men would forsake ye: make the meat belov'd more than the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be twelve Women, let a dozen of 'em be ..... as they are. Confound, I beseech you, all the Senators of Athens, together with the common people. What is amiss, make fit for destruction; for these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes: A feast fit for such venemous Knaves.

Phæax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold.
You knot of mouth Friends, Vapours, Lukewarm Knaves;
Most smiling, smooth detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,
Cap and Knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie
Crust you quite o'er; what, dost thou steal away?
Soft, take thy Physick first, and thou and thou; stay I will.
Lend thee Money——borrow none.

Phæax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.

Cleon. And I. he'll Murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly. [*They run off.*

Tim. *What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,*
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn House, sink Athens, *henceforth hated be*
Of Timon, *Man and all humanity.* [*Ex.* Timon.

ACT IV.

Timon *Solus.*

Tim. LET me look back upon thee! O thou Wall
That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their stead. To general filths
Convert o' th' instant green Virginity;

Do't

Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold fast,
Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters Throats. Bound Servants steal;
Large handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by law. Maid to thy Masters Bed,
Mistress to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestick awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
Degrees, Observations, Customs and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let confusion live. Plagues incident to Men,
Your potent and infectious feavours heap
On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive
And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
Sow all the *Athenians* Bosoms, and their Crop
Be general Leprosie. Breath infect breath;
That their Society, as their Friendship, may
Be meerly Poison. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
Farewel, thou most detested Town, and sudden
Ruine swallow thee. [*Ex.* Tim.

Scene the Senate-House, all the Senate sitting——
Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?
Alcib. You see, my reverend Lords, what confidence
I place in you, that durst expose my Person
Before my Sentence be recall'd. I am not now
Petitioner for my self; I leave my case
To your good and generous natures, when you shall
Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service.
I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly:
'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
As brave a Man as e'er drew Sword for *Athens*.
'Tis *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood,
Has stept into the Law above his depth.
Nic. True, he has kill'd a Man.
Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they refuse

All mercy. He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of [illegible]
Vertues, nor did he soil the fact with Cowardise;
But with a noble fury did revenge
His injur'd reputation.

Phæax. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nic. As if you'd bring Man-slaughter into form,
And Valour did consist in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate Valour:
He's truly Valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isan. All single Combates are detestable,
And Courage that's not warranted by law,
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpunished.

Isid. If injuries be evil, death is most ill,
And then what folly is it for the less ill
To hazard life the chiefest good?

Cleon. There's no such Courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be such Valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more Valiant
That stay at home. And the Ass a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that is
Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean
With Eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond Men expose themselves to Battle,
And not endure all threats, and sleep upon 'em,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats?
Come, my Lords——be pitiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt,
But in defence of Honour.

Phæax. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for
But the Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no anger judge him,
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault——had they but Courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his Crime, consider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His service at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,
Are bribes sufficient for his Life.

Nic. He did his duty, and was rewarded with
His pay, and if he had not done it, he should be punisht.

Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the return
For Souldiers toils, fasting and watching;
The many cruel hardships which they suffer;

The multitude of hazards, blood, and loss
Of Limbs?

Isan. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies.
How full of Valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict! what death and wounds he gave?

Isid. H' have given too many.

Alius. He is a known Rioter, he has a-fin
That often drowns him; in that beastly fury
He has committed outrages.

Pheax. Such as we shall not name, lest others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nic. In short,
His days are foul, and nights are dangerous;
And he must die.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight,
And done you service: if not for his desert,
Consider all my actions, Lords, and join 'em
With his——your reverend Ages love security,
And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you.

Pheax. You are too bold——he dies. No more——

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What says he? remember the common people, and take

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Isan. Consider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.
Must I sue for such common grace,
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!

Nic. Y' are insolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your riot and destructive Vices; Whoredoms,
Prophaneness, giddy-headed Passions.

Pheax. Your breaking *Mercury's* Statues, and mocking
The mysteries of sacred *Proserpine.*

Alcib. Insolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to see
Your private malice vented in a place
Where honest Men would only think
On publick Interest. 'Tis base, and in another place
You would not speak thus.

Nic. How say you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury* had only been
The Favourites of the Rabble, and the rites of
Proserpine: These things are mockery to Men
Of sence. What folly 'tis to Worship Statues when
You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Pheax. How dare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel?

Alcib. Could any but the baseſt of Mankind
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head

That utters this against me? my Rebellion!
It was 'gainst the common People. And you all
Are Rebels against them.

Nic. Cease your Insolence! we sided not with *Spartans*.

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' *Athenian*
Rabble but that?

Phæax. It was well done to get your Friend King *Agis*
His Wife with Child in his absence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his breed for him.
But what is that to th' matter now in hand?
You have provok'd me, Lords, and I must tell you,
It is by me you sit in safety here.

Phæax. By you, bold Man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful Man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
And I must tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
'Twas I that kept great *Tissaphernes* from
The *Spartans* aid, by which *Athens* by this
Had been one heap of Rubbish, I stopt
A hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*,
Which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made
This *Tissaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common people, and take
The Government into the best Mens hands;
Would you were so; I sent *Bisander* then
To form this Aristocracy, and promis'd
The *Persian* General Forces to assist you;
And when you had this pow'r, you cast me off
That got it you.

Nic. My Lords! let him be silenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleasure, Lords.
Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuse me General?
And would have march't to your destruction,
Which I diverted? in that time your Foes
Would soon have won the Country of *Ionia*,
Of th' *Hellespont*, and all the other Isles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept some back by force,
And by fair word others, in which *Thrasibulus*,
This Man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudest voice of all the *Athenians*
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you Lords, and now
Athens a second time was sav'd by me.

Phæax. 'Tis a shame that we should suffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a ſhame theſe things are unrewarded.
Another time I kept five hundred Sail
Of the *Phœnicians* from the Aid of the *Lacedæmonians*,
Won from 'em a Sea Battle,
Before the City of *Abidus*;
In ſpight of *Pharnabazus*'s mighty Power.
Think on my Victory at *Cyzicum*, where I
Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City;
I brought then the *Bithynians* to your Yoke,
Won *Silibræa* on the *Helleſpont*;
And then *Byzantium*: thus not only I
Diverted the Torrent of the Armies Fury
From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies,
And all the while you ſafely told your Money,
And let it out upon extorted Intereſt;
Muſt I be after all poorly deny'd his Life,
Who has ſo often ventur'd it for you?

Phæax. He dies, and you deſerve it, but our Sentence
Is for your Inſolence, we Baniſh you;
If you be two hours more within theſe Walls,
Your Head is forfeited. Do you all conſent?

All Sen. All, all!

Alcib. All, all! I am glad I know you all!
Baniſh me! Baniſh your Dotage! Your Extortion!
Baniſh your foul Corruptions and ſelf Ends!
Oh the baſe Spirit of a Common-wealth!
One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
The worſt of Kings would be aſham'd of this:
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the Balſom the ill natur'd Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Baniſhment!
A good Man would not ſtay with you, I Embrace my Sentence!
'Tis a Cauſe that's worthy of me. [*Exit.* Alcib.

Nic. Was ever ——heard ſuch daring Inſolence?
Shall we break up the Senate?

All. Sen. Ay, ay!

Timon *in the Woods digging.*

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
The Bogs and muddy Marſhes, and from
Corrupted ſtanding Lakes, rotten humidity
Enough to infect the Air with dire conſuming Peſtilence,
And let the poiſonous exhalations fall
Down on th' *Athenians*; they're all Flatterers,
And ſo is all Mankind.
For every degree of Fortune's ſmooth'd

And

And sooth'd by that below it; the learn'd pate
Ducks to the Golden Fool: There's nothing level
In our conditions, but base Villany;
Therefore be abhorr'd each Man, and all Society;
Earth yields me roots; thou common Whore of Mankind,
That put'st such odds amongst the rout of Nations,
I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
Gold, yellow, glittering precious Gold? enough
To purchase my Estate again: Let me see further;
What a vast mass of Treasure's here! There, ly,
I will use none, 'twill bring me Flatterers.
I'll send a Pattern on't to the *Athenians*,
And let 'em know what a vast Mass I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I see a Passenger
Not far off, I'll send it by him to the Senate. [*Exit Timon.*

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him or will lose my Life.
Oh base and shameful Villany of Man,
Amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his Afflictions?
Ha! here is a Spade! sure this belongs to some one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there?
What beast art thou that com'st to trouble me?
Evan. Pray do not hurt me, I am come to seek
the poor distressed *Timon*, did you see him?
Tim. If thou be'st Born of wicked humane Race,
Why com'st thou hither to disturb his Mind?
He has forsworn all Company!
Evan. Is this my Lord, Oh dreadful Transformation?
My dearest Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk'st upon two Legs, and half a Face
Erect towards Heav'n; and all such Animals
I have abjur'd; they are not honest,
Those Creatures that are so, walk on all four,
Prithee be gone.
Evan. He's much distracted sure!
Have you forgotten your poor *Evandra*?
Tim. No! I remember there was such a one,
Who I us'd ill! Why dost thou follow misery?
And add to it? Prithee be gone.

Evan.

Evan. These cruel Words will break my heart.
I come not to increase thy Misery but mend it.
Ah my dear *Timon*! Why this Slave-like habit?
And why this Spade?

Tim. 'Tis to dig Roots, and earn my Dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my Estate
To Money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the Remainder
Thou soon shalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I shall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy self and quit this Savage life;
We have enough in spite of all the Baseness
Of th' *Athenians*, let not those Slaves
Triumph o'er thy Afflictions; we'll live free.

Tim. If thou dissuad'st me from this Life, Thou hat'st me;
For all the Principalities on Earth,
I would not change this Spade! Prithee be gone,
Thou tempt'st me but in vain.

Evan. Be not so cruel.
Nothing but Death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my Life;
What would'st thou do with me?

Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a time or place,
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?

Tim. You must not stay with me?

Evan. Oh too unkind!
I offer'd thee all my Prosperity——
And thou most niggardly denies't me part
Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evandra*! is not the bleak Air
Too boisterous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or dost thou think these reverend Trees that have
Out-liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appoint'st 'em? Will the Brook
Candid with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my Temper
Is much unsound, my Brain will be distracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a Comfort to me when I thought
That thou wert prosperous; Thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather,
To mortifie thy self with Roots and Water.
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evan. To Death if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all Humane Conversation.

Evan.

Evan. And so have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see
Thee bear it.

Evan. On my Knees I beg it.
If thou refuseſt me, I'll kill my self.
I ſwear by all the Gods.

Tim. Riſe, my *Evandra!*
I now pronounce to all the World, there is
One Woman honeſt; if they ask me more
I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll ſhew thee Wealth enough I have found with digging,
To purchaſe all my Land again, which
Will hide from all Mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well ſaid *Evandra!* Look, here is enough
To make Black White, Foul Fair, Wrong Right;
Baſe Noble, Old Young, Cowards Valiant.
Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Prieſts
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the hoar'd Leproſie ador'd, place Thieves
And give 'em Title, Knee and Approbation;
This makes the toothleſs, warp'd and wither'd Widows
Marry again. This can embalm and ſweeten
Such as the Spittle-Houſe and ulcerous Creatures
Would caſt the Gorge at: this can defile
The pureſt Bed, and make Divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it,
There 'twill ſleep, and do not hired Miſchief.

Tim. Now Earth for a Root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd Womb teems and feeds all,
And of ſuch vile corrupting Mettal, as
Man, her proud arrogant———Child is made of,
Does engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the guilded Neut
And Eye-leſs venom'd Worm, with all
The loathſome Births the quickning Sun does ſhine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,
From out thy plenteous boſom ſome poor roots;
Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things elſe;
Dry up thy marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and Paſture,
Whereof ungrateful Man with liquorish draughts;
And unctuous morſels greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips!
But hold a while———I am faint and weary,
My hands not us'd to toil, are gall'd.

Evan. Repoſe your ſelf, my deareſt love, thus——your head

Upon

Upon my lap, and when thou hast refresh
Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more Man! retire into my Cave. [*Ex.* Evan.
Apem. I was directed hither, Men report
That thou affect'st my Manners, and dost use 'em.
Tim. 'Tis then because I would not keep a Dog
Should Imitate thee.
Apem. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy, sprung
From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
This slave-like Habit, and these Looks of Care?
Thy sordid Flatt'rers yet wear Silk, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the Cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatt'rer now and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee,
And let each great Man's Breath blow off thy Cap.
Praise his most monstrous Deformities,
And call his foulest Vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.
Tim. Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?
Apem. No; but thou should'st hear me speak.
Tim. I hate thy Speech, and spit at thee.
Apem. Do not assume my Likeness to disgrace it.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the Copy
As the Original shou'd be us'd.
Apem. How shou'd it be us'd?
Tim. It should be hang'd.
Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-Man, now a Fool;
Art thou proud still?
Call any of those Creatures whose naked Natures
Live in all the spight of angry Heav'n,
Whose bare un-housed Trunks
To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
Answer meer Nature, bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou shalt find——
Tim. An Ass of thee——
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did——
Tim. I hate thee worse——
Apem. Why so?
Tim. Thou flatterest misery.
Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch——
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.
Tim. Always a Villain's Office, or a Fool's.
Apem. If thou dost put on this sour life and habit
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well, but thou
Dost it inforc'dly; wert thou not a Beggar,
Thou'dst be a Courtier again.
Tim. Slave thou ly'st, 'tis next thee the last thing
Which I would be on Earth.
Apem. How much does willing Poverty excel
Uncertain Pomp! for this filling still,
Never compleat, that always at high wish;
But thou hast a contentless wretched Being,
Thou should'st desire to die being miserable.
Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.
Apem. I am contented with my poverty.
Tim. Thou ly'st. Thou would'st not Imail so if thou wert.
But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee,
For thou hast been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortune's tender arms
With favour never claspt, but bred a Dog;
Hadst thou like me from thy first-Death proceeded
To all the sweet Degrees, that this brief World
Afforded me; thou would'st have plung'd thy self
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Lust, and never learn'd
The Icy Precepts of Morality,
But had'st pursu'd the alluring Game before thee.
Apem. Thou ly'st——I would have liv'd just as I do.
Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self!
Thou well canst bear what thou hast been bred to;
But for me who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the Hearts of all Men,
At duty more than I could frame Imployments for;
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters brush
Faln from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
Thy Nature did commence in suff'rance. Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curse,
Curse then thy Father, who in spite put stuff
To some She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.
Apem. Poor Ass!
The middle of humanity thou ne'er
Didst know, but the extremity of both ends;

When

When thou wert in thy Gilt and thy Perfumes,
Men mock'd thee for thy too much Curiosity;
Thou in thy Rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this!
One Root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feast.

Tim. Mend my Condition, take thy self away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do I'll see thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self,
Thou should'st not even then be welcome to me,
I had rather be a Beggar's Dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miserable Fool.

Tim. Would thou were clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curse; no misery
That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone, thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.
I swoun to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy Skull.

Apem. Farewel, Beast.

Tim. Be gone, Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou hast found a Mine
Of Treasure; they'll find that out: The plague
Of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my sight.
Choller will kill me if I see Mankind!
Come forth, *Evandra*; Thou art kind and good.

[*Exit* Apem.

Enter Evandra.

Canst thou eat Roots and drink at that fresh Spring?
Our Feasting's come to this.

Evan. Whate'er I eat
Or drink with thee is feast enough to me;
Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,
I should be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring Brook,
And then repose a while.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Painter and Musician.

Poet. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far off,
Where he abides.

Mus. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's so full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! H' has found an infinite store of Gold.
He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will see him a Palm again in Athens,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress,
We tender all our services to him.——

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Muſ. If we shou'd not——

Re-enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,
I know by the description.

Muſ. Let's hide ourselves, and see how he will take it. [*A Symphony.*

Evan. Here's Musick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I
Have Gold; but that their misapprehensions would be greater,
In taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em back——

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon*——

Muſ. Our noble Master——

Paint. My most Excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest Men?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your Friends fall off,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you service.

Muſ. We are not of so base a mould, we should
Desert our noble Patron!

Tim. Most honest Men! oh, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water?

Poet. Whate'er we can, we will to do you service.

Tim. Good Men! come you are honest, you have heard
That I have gold enough! speak truth, y'are honest.

Poet. So it is said, but therefore came not we.

Muſ. Not we, my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are Good Men, but have one Monstrous fault.

Poet. I beseech your honour, what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious Knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why, one another, and each trusts himself.
Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! be gone! make haste!
Or I will use you so like Knaves. [*He stones 'em.*

Poet. Fly, fly,—— [*All run out.*

Tim. How sick am I of this false World?
I'll now prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outragious Sea may wash my Corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of Death;

My Life and thine together must determine
Tim. There is no rest without it; Prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live Long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is Wealth enough.
Evan. I have no Wealth but thee, let us lie down to rest;
I am very faint and heavy——— [*They lie down.*

Enter Melissa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot stay there.
It is most certain he has found a Mass of money,
And he has sent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.
Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.
Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my Love I'll charm
Him back to *Athens*, 'twas my deserting him
Has made him thus Melancholy.
Chlo. If he be not, you'll promise Love in vain.
Mel. If he be not, my Promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To Interest and my Self. These Lord *Timon* lies!
Tim. What Wretch art thou come to disturb me?
Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call Thee back to *Athens*, and Her arms:
Who cannot live without thee.
Evan. It is *Melissa*! Prithee listen not
To her Destructive *Syren*'s Voice.
Tim. Fear not.
Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*?
To whom thou mad'st such Vows!
Tim. O yes, I know that piece of Vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant foolish Thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal love to me, soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.
Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*,
That was a Tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didst love me, if thou hadst
Thou wouldst have born it; I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World——— but thou art false I see,
And any little Change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.
Evan. Mind not that Crocodile's Tears,
She would betray thee.
Mel. Is there no Truth among Mankind?

Had

Had I so much Ingratitude, I had
Thy fallen Fortune, and
Ah *Timon*! could'ſt thou have
My wretched Fortune,
Rather have begg'd with thee,
With any other
But thou art loſt, and haſt forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why ſhou'd you ſtrive to invade another's Right?
He's mine, for ever mine:
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has
No,——Thou art his Conqueſt,
I would enjoy him honeſtly.

Tim. Peace, Screech Owl!
In this one Woman
Blended together; our Hearts
Has made him thus
Of all the Univerſe, I would not change him for them.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord
Than all the World can give.

Tim. Falſe! Proud! Affected! vain
Be gone, I would not ſee thee unleſs
Thou boaſt'ſt that thou
As if the Body made
Thou haſt a vile corrupted
Mel. I am no Whore, as ſhe
Tim. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe's none:
Be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing
And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel, Beaſt——

Evan. Let me kiſs thy hand, my deareſt Lord,
If it were poſſible more dear than ever.

Tim. *Let's now go ſeek ſome reſt within my Cave,*
If any we can have without the Grave.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Tim. NOW after all the Follies of this life;
Timon has made his everlaſting Manſion——
Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood,
Where every day the ſwelling Surge ſhall waſh him,
There he ſhall reſt from all the Villanies,
Betraying Smiles, or th' oppreſſing Frowns
Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan.

Evan. Speak not of Death, I cannot live thee yet,
Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy.
Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'dst not have
Another wish but me. There is no Heav'n on Earth
Which I can envy while I have thee within
These Arms——take Comfort to thee, think not yet
Of Death——leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'st thou in Death we shall not think,
And know, and love, better than we can here?
O yes, *Evandra*! There our Happiness
Will be without a Wish——I feel my long Sickness
Of Health and Living now begin to mend,
And nothing will bring me all things
Thou *Evandra*, art the thing alone on Earth would make me with
To play my part upon the troublesome Stage
Where Folly, Madness, Falsehood, and Cruelty,
Are the only actions represented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
Without one erring Thought, the Gods can witness;
And as my Life was true, my Death shall be,
If I one minute after thee survive,
The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be *Melissa*'s Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!
Thy Kindness covers me with Shame and Grief,
I have deserv'd so little from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd wish the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Isidore, Isander, Cleon, Thrasillus, *and* Ælius.

More Plagues yet!

Nic. How does the Worthy *Timon*?
It grieves our Hearts to see thy low Condition,
And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee.
Cast from thee this sad Grief, most Noble *Timon*,
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their Love, and do with one consenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em and would send 'em back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same Love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most Noble *Timon*, they are sorry
They should deny thee thy Request; they do
Confess their Fault; the Publick Body,

Which

Which seldom does recant, confesse it.

Cleon. And has sent us———

Tim. A very scurvey sample of that Body.

Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you best
Of all Mankind.

Thras. And Equal with our selves.

Isid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Isan. We would stake our Lives for you.

Phæax. We are all griev'd to think you should
So mis-interpret our best Loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good Men, you much surprise me, ever to Tears;
Lend me a Fool's Heart and Womens, Eyes,
And I'll beweep these Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

Phæax. The Senate has refer'd some special Dignities
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his Force; and like a savage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy just Assistance.

Phæax. We all know thou art worthy
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good Noble Lord.

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-Men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly Aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving up purest Virgins to the Stain
Of beastly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst; for their Swords care not
While you have Throats to answer; for my self
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Most reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em so!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phæax. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Phæax. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not serve
Your Country with some of it?

Tim.

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my Advice, they shall be welcome.
Nic. I am sure they will, my Noble Lord.
Tim. I will instruct 'em how to cafe their Griefs,
Their fears of Hostile Strokes, their Aches, Losses,
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes,
That Natures fragil Vessel must sustain
In Lifes uncertain Voyage.
Phaax. How, my good Lord? this kind Care is Noble.
Tim. Why even thus——
I will point out the most convenient Trees
In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon.
And so farewel, ye Covetous, Fawning Slaves, be gone?
Let me not see the Face of Man more,
I had rather see a Tiger fasting.
Nic. He's lost to all our Purposes.
Phaax. Let's send a Party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confess his Treasure,
And put him to the Torture if he will not.
Nic. It will do well, let's away. ——— [*Drums.*
Alcib. What Drums are those?
Phaax. They must belong to *Alcibiades*!
To Horse and fly, or we shall chance be taken. [*Exeunt.*
Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
May'st suffer by the Rage of lustful Villains.

Enter Alcibiades *with* Phryne *and* Thais, *two Whores.*

Alcib. Command a Halt, and send a Messenger
To summon *Athens* from me!
What art thou there? Speak.
Tim. A two legg'd Beast as thou art, Cankers gnaw thee
For shewing me the Face of Man again.
Alcib. Is Man so hateful to thee? What art thou?
Tim. I am *Misanthropos*! I hate Mankind:
And for thy part, I will thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee something.
But now I think on't, thou art going
Againft yon Curfed Town: go on!
It is a worthy cause.
Alcib. Oh *Timon*! now I know thee, I am sorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redress 'em.
Tim. I will not alter my condition.

For

For all you e'er shall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with Man's blood the Earth: die it well,
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
What then must War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What Friendship shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promise me Friendship and perform none:
If thou wilt not promise, thou art no Man:
If thou dost perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to see thy misery.

Tim. Thou saw'st it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots.
What dost thou fight with Women by thy side?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of the day,
With Men, I refresh my self at night with Women.

Tim. These false Whores of thine have more Destruction
In 'em, than thy Sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to say so———

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion,
A snarling Rascal.

Tim. Be Whores still, they love you not that use you?
Employ all your salt hours to ruine Youth,
Soften their manners into a Lethargy
Of Sense and Action.

Phry. Hang thee, Monster; we are not Whores,
We are Mistresses to *Alcibiades.*

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miscal it,
Ye have been so to many.

Thais. Out, on you Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him;
His wits are lost in his Calamities;
I have but little Gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye:
But Ill not herd with Men; yet I love thee
Better than all Men, because thou wert born
To ruine thy base Country.

Alcib. I've sent to Summon *Athens*; if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious Act; go on, go on!
Here's Gold for thee; stay, I'll fetch thee more.

Alcib. What Mysterie is this? where shou'd he have this.

Tim.

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,
Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Usurer: strike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgin's Cheek
Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-pap giving Sock:
Spare not the Babe whose dimpled Smiles,
From Fools exhaust their Mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or Whore e'er long if thou should'st spare it.
Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears, whose Proof,
Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Phry. Hast thou more Gold, good *Timon*? give us some.

Thais. What Pity 'tis he should be thus Melancholy!
He is a fine Person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you will
Do store of Mischief, I'd not give you any.
Here! be sure you be Whores still,
And who with Pious Breath seeks to convert ye,
Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
Wear them, betray with them, Whore still;
Paint till a Horse may mire upon your Faces.
A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.

Thais. Well, more Gold, say what thou wilt.

Tim. Sow your Consumptions in the Bones of Men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their Shins and Shoulders;
Crack the Lawyer's Voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead false Title more.
Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests,
That scold against the quality of Flesh,
And not believe themselves; I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.

Phry. More Counsel, and more Money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More Whore? more Mischief first,
I've given you Earnest.

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewell,
If I thrive well, I will visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er shall see thee more:
I feel Death's happy stroak upon me now,
He has laid his Icy hands upon me at length;

He will not let me go again, Farewel.
Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. [Exit Timon.

Alcib. Now march, Sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
And let the Terrour of the noise invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, furious Senate. [Exeunt.

Enter Nicias, Ælius, Glenn, Thrasilus, Isidore, Isander, and the rest of Athens.

Nic. What shall we do to appease his Rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.
Phæax. We must e'en humbly bow our necks,
That he may tread on 'em.
Ælius. He is a Man of easie nature, soon won by soothings.
Nic. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.
Isid. If we should resist, he'll level *Athens*.
Isan. And then wo to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters.
Nic. What will become of you and me *Phæax*?
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.
Phæax. Let us appear most forward in delivering up the Town to him.
Nic. If we resist he'll use a Conquerour's Power,
And nothing then will Escape the fury of
The Headstrong Souldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These Drums and Trumpets
Strike Terrour into me! Heav'n help all. [Enter Herald.

Enter Alcibiades, *and his Army.*

Alcib. What answer make they to my Summons?
Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.
Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Hoa! you on the works! give me and my Army entrance,
Or I'll let loose the fury of my Souldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine.
And such a flame I'll light about your Ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.
Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing less.
Phæax. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.
Nic. We've been ungrateful, and are much asham'd on't.
Your Lordship shall tread upon our Necks if you think good.
We cannot but condemn our selves;
But we appeal to your known Mercy and
Your Generosity.
Phæax. March, Noble Lord, into our City.
With all the Banners spread; we are thy Slaves.
Ælius. Your Footstools.

Isid. What ever you will enjoin us.

Thraſ. Enter our City, Noble *Alcibiades*;
But leave your Rage behind you.

Isan. Set but your Foot againſt our Gates, and they
Shall open——ſo you will enter like a Friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations.
For if I ſet my Battering Rams to work,
You muſt expect no Mercy.

Nic. We will, my good Lord——

{*They all come down,* Nic. *preſents* Alcibiades *the Keys upon his Knees.*

Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.

Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you ſhow'd
To *Thraſibulus*, ſuch monſtrous Ingratitude
Will make your Villainous Names grow Odious
To all the Race of Men, but to your ſelves
To whom Vertue is ſo.

Phæax. 'Twas the whole Senate's Voice.

Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wreſted the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worſe than they;
But moſt of you deſerve the Oſtracism,
Some of you are ſuch Rogues you'd ſhame the Gibbet.

Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our Necks, but pardon us.

Phæax. We'll be your Slaves if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thraſibulus* when he's dead?
Muſt we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards, and our
Toils, hard weary Marching! Watching! Faſting!
Such dreadful Hardſhips, lying out ſuch Nights,
A Beaſt could not abide without a Covert;
And all for Purſy-Lazy-Knaves, that ſnort
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Muſt we the Bulwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?

Phæax. Ceaſe to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thraſ. We heartily repent.

Iſid. We'll kiſs thy Feet, good Lord.

Iſan. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You ſix of the foremoſt here muſt meet me
In the *Area*, where I'll order the *Tribunes*
To aſſemble all the People
And on your Knees Preſent your ſelves
With Halters 'bout your Necks.

Phæax. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib.

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this Point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your Houses, and extripate all
Your Race——March on.
Give order that not a Man shall break his Ranks,
Or shall offend the regular Course of Justice,
On Penalty of Death——March on. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Timon *and* Evandra *coming out of the Cave.*

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and bend
Like Flowers o'ercharg'd with Dew, whose yielding Stalks
Cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial which
Will much revive thy Spirits.
Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*,
I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at Heart.
Evan. Oh my dear *Timon!* must we then part?
That! should live to see this fatal Day!
Had Death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.
Tim. My poor *Evandra!* lead me to my Grave!
Lest Death o'ertake me——he pursues me hard;
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last Office thou
Canst do for *Timon*.
Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that courts thee?
Tim. Lay me gently down in my last Tenement.
Death's the truest Friend.
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us
So now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almost finisht! Now, my best *Evandra*,
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves,
Live, and live happy after me: and if
A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,
And brings a Tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it——quickly, strive to forget me.
Evan. Oh! *Timon!* Think'st thou I am such a Coward,
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.
Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my Life in Peace, I will be with thee
After my Death; my Soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from all harm.
Evan. Life is the greatest harm, when thou art dead.
Tim. Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee in his sad Calamities?

Evan.

Evan. It is a Bleſſing to ſhare any thing with thee!
Oh thou look'ſt pale! thy Countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?

Tim. To my laſt home. I charge thee live, *Evandra!*
Thou lov'ſt me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only! Deareſt! Kind! Conſtant Thing on Earth,
Farewel. [*Dies.*

Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the World were ſo.
I muſt make haſte, or I ſhall not o'ertake him in his Flight.
Timon, I come, ſtay for me,
Farewel, baſe World. [*Stabs her ſelf. Dies.*

Enter Alcibiades, Phrynias, *and* Thais, *his Officers and Soldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees aſſembling.*

Enter Melia.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conqueſt ever bleſs thee,
Wonder and Terrour of Mankind, and Joy ——
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Meliſſa*'s happy:
She has liv'd to ſee the utmoſt day ſhe wiſht for,
Her *Alcibiades* return with Conqueſt
O'er this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e'er this.

Alcib. What gay, Vain Prating Thing is this?

Mel. How, my Lord! do you queſtion who *Meliſſa* is?
And give her ſuch foul Tiales?

Alcib. I know *Meliſſa*, and therefore give her ſuch Titles:
For when the Senate baniſht me,
She would not ſee me, tho' upon her Knees
Before ſhe had ſworn Eternal Love to me;
I ſee thy Snares too plain, to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to ſee you, Heav'n can witneſs! ——
Who ever told you ſo, betray'd me baſely
Not ſee you! ſure there's not a Sight on Earth
I'd chuſe before you: You make me aſtoniſh'd ——

Alcib. All this you ſwore to *Timon*; and next day
Deſpis'd him ——— I have been inform'd ——
Of all your Falſehood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honeſt faithful Whores: ——
Good Antidotes againſt thy Poiſon ——— Love;
Thy baſe falſe Love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, Faithful, Loving Whore, better than
A thouſand baſe, Ill-natur'd honeſt Women?

Mel.

Mel. never thought I should have liv'd
This from my *Alcibiades.*

Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee:
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him, ——How have I merited this Scorn——Farewel,
Mel. I'll never see you more. *Exit.*

Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Souldiers with drawn Swords, baling in Apemantus.

How now! what means this Violence?

1 *Sould.* My Lord! this snarling Villainous Philosopher,
With open mouth rail'd at the Army;
He said the General was a Villain: shall we cut his Throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!
Why, *Apemantus*, didst thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always speak my Thoughts, not all
The Swords o' th' Army bent against my Throat,
Can fright me from the Truth——

Alcib. Why dost thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, this base Town deserves thy Scourge,
And all the Terrour and the Punishment,
Thou canst inflict upon it: the Deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private Revenge,
Base Passion, headstrong Lust, incite thee to it;
Had they not banish'd thee, thou won'dst have suffer'd
Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their Oppression,
And would'st have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher,

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee,
All thy good Parts thou drown'st in Vice and Riot,
In Passion and Vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy Conquests——when a poor Rabble
Of Idle Rogues who else had been in Jayls,
Perform'd 'em for thee; How false is Souldiers Honour,
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of day
With daring Impudence Men go to Murther
Mankind——but in the greatest Actions of their Lives
The getting Men, they sneak and hide themselves i' th' dark:
I scorn your Folly and you Madness.

Alcib. Thou art a snarling Cur,——

1 *Sould.* Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib.

Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd them,
And for his sake I spare them.
Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his Pains in thee!
Hadst thou observ'd his Principles thou'dst been honest.

Enter Nicias, Thrasillus, Phæax, Isidore, Isander, Ælius, *and* Cleon, *with Halters about their Necks.*

Nic. We come, my Noble Lord, at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy.
Phæax. Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades.*
Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful Knaves?
All. We do.
Alcib. And that you have used me basely?
All. We have, but we are very sorry.
Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer! but thousand such base Lives
As yours would not weight with his! go, ye have
Your Liberty. And now the People are assembled,
I will declare my Intentions towards them. [*He ascend the Pulpit.*
My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjust Sentence past upon me,
In the Return of which I have subdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted Places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And have with continual Toil, and numberless Dangers
Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions far
Above your Hopes or Expectations.
I will not recount the many Enterprises,
No *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains
I farther shou'd declare my self; I come
First to free you, good Citizens of *Athens*,
From the most insupportable Yokes
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next
To claim my own Estate, which has unjustly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
I do confess, I, in Revenge of your Decree
Against me, set up them, but never thought
They would have been such curst Tyrants to you,
Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
With most licentious Acts; making their Wills,
Their base corrupted Wills, the Scope of Justice,
While you in vain groan'd under all your Suffrings.
Thus when a few shall Lord it o'er the rest,
They govern for themselves and not the People.

They rob and pill from them, from thence t' increase
Their private Stores; but when the Government
Is in the Body of the People, they will do themselves no harm;
Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the Government,
Shall devolve upon the People, and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

{ *People shout and cry*, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! *Long live* Alcibades,
{ *Liberty*, *Liberty*, &c. [Alcib. *descends*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Lord! I went as you commanded,
And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
Stab'd, and just by him lying in his Tomb,
On which was this Inscription.
Alcib. I'll read it.

Here lies a wretched Corpse, of wretched Soul bereft,
Timon *my Name, a Plague Consume you Cattiffs left.*

Poor *Timon*! Once knew thee the most flourishing Man
Of all th' *Athenians*, and thou still had'st been so,
Had not these smiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
And Murder'd thee with base Ingratitude.
His Death pull'd on thee poor *Evandra's* too;
That Miracle of Constancy in Love.
Now all repair to their respective Homes,
Their several Trades, their Business and Diversions;
And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battels, be you secure at home.
May Athens *flourish with a lasting Peace;*
And may its Wealth and Power ever increase.

All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Liberty Liberty, &c.

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

IF there were hopes that useless solid Wit
Might please within our new fantastick Pit;
This Play might then support the Critick shock,
The Scien grafted upon Shakespear's Stock;
For join'd with his our Poet's pure might thrive,
Kept by the Vertue of his Sap alive.
Though now no more substantial English Plays,
Than good old Hospitality you praise;
The Time shall come when true old Sense shall rise
In Judgement over all your Vanities.
Sleight Kickshaw-Wit o' th' Stage, French Meats at Feasts,
Now daily tantalize the hungry Guests;
While the old English Chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry Ones to sustain.
At these thin Feasts each Morsel's swallow'd down,
And every thing but the Guests Stomach's gone.
At these new fashion'd Feasts you've but a Taste,
With Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Fast.
This Jantee Sleightness to the French we owe,
And that makes all sleight Wits admire 'em so.
They're of one Level, and with little with Pains
The Forthy Poet good Reception gains;
But to hear English Wit there's use of Brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
In Want of Learning, Affectation, Wit,
And which is most, in Cloaths we'll ne'er submit.
Their Ships or Plays o'er ours shall ne'er advance,
For our Third Rates shall match the First of France.
With English Judges tho' they bear the Test,
Who will for Shakespear's Part forgive the rest.
The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,
They cannot think enough to mind a Play.
They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,
Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;

Each

Each here deux yeux *and* [illegible] *Looks imparts,*
Levels Crevats *and* [illegible] *Hearts;*
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for Vanity [illegible]
No Passion——
But for their own Dear Persons [illegible] *move,*
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit nor [illegible] *their hard Hearts can strike,*
Who only [illegible] *Sense or Persons like.*
But to the Men of Wit [illegible]
To save him from Wits [illegible]
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistress we must Favour find,
They, for Evandra's *sake, will sure be kind;*
At least all those to Constant Love inclin'd.

FINIS.